



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, POETRY, AMUSING MISCELLANY, ANECDOTES, &c.

VOL. X.—[1. NEW SERIES.]

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NO. 21.

SELECT TALES.

From the Casket.

The Mother and Daughter.

BY L. H. M.

[Concluded.]

It was about seven o'clock, the same evening, that Mrs. Freeman was engaged in the important business of dressing for the fashionable soiree at Mrs. Gray's. The toilette was to her a work of immense time and importance; and not contented to leave her really interesting features to themselves, she contrived so to overload them with pearl, powder and rouge—to surround them with such a *chevaux de frise* of false curls, false flowers, and false jewels, as to make them actually ridiculous and disgusting. And then her dress—such flounces, and such furbelows; such ill assorted colors, and badly matched stuffs—why she killed all the graces at a glance, and might have been haunted by Joseph for stealing his coat of many colors. To please others you must first please yourself, says or said the elegant Chesterfield. Certainly Mrs. Freeman did the latter completely; but had that refined writer contemplated such perversion of his high bred dictates, he would have poisoned himself by eating mock turtle soup, and found his misery in muslin sheets. Fully confident, however, in her own attractions, Mrs. Freeman sailed up and down before the pier glass, wishing, like Alexander, for new worlds to conquer, and looking for all the world as if every one (like in the Spectator's dream) had thrown away the ungainly part of their dress, and each absurdity had pitched upon her luckless person. At last, impatient of wasting her sweetness upon the *deserted* (not desert) room, Mrs. Freeman summoned her confidential Abigail, and, after making a few preliminary flourishes, began with,

'Judy, hem! have you any taste, Judy?'

'I guess so, Missis,' responded Judy, opening her big round eyes to rounder and bigger proportions. 'I can tell whiskey from water, any how.'

'You're a fool, Judy; I mean taste in dress,

What would you say to mine, for instance?'

'That I be monsters glad to have it,' replied the colored grisette, readily, 'its just the picture of what black Mauritia cleared out to marry in.'

'Get out with you,' exclaimed the indignant lady, 'and call Miss Thany here; it's time to go.'

Slowly did Euthanasia obey the summons: her face was pale, and her dress very simple. She was followed by her greyhound, who looked anxiously up in her face, as if to ask what was her disquiet.

'Mercy on me, child, what an object you are! You are enough to frighten the crows, as Mrs. Dashaway says; here, let me fix you.'

'No,' said Euthanasia, positively, 'if I go at all, it is so.'

'Well, but have a bunch of peonies or a sunflower in your hair; have these aqua merines round your throat; and a *lectle*, tiny touch of rouge.'

'Madam my feelings are not suited to flowers and gems. I go because I have said I will; because anything, even despair, is preferable to this suspense; but I am a mourner in heart, and will not wear the garments of rejoicing.'

'Bless us all! here's a high horse. Don't I know better than you, Miss; and I tell you it is highly impertinent to make yourself singular; and to go in that wishy-washy way, is—is is mighty improper, Miss.'

'Well, Madam, it may be so; let us drop the subject, and each retain our own opinion. I await your pleasure.'

Mrs. Freeman knew vastly well that, though respectful, Euthanasia was never subservient; so, like a skillful general, she avoided the impregnable part and opened a battery elsewhere.

'Now, Thany, you are a good enough girl, but of course you can't know as well as me, who am older, and also a married woman; so I am going to give you some good advice. In the first place, you don't enter a room at all as the *deet* should; this way, for instance.' Unfortunately, in her dignified perambulations, as the *elite* could do, Mrs. Freeman

trod upon the greyhound's long, extended paws, who, acknowledging her 'airy tread' with a howl, would have received no gentle salute in return, but for the interference of his mistress.

'Do not strike the faithful animal, madam, I have heard he was my *mother's*, and as such he is dear to me. Alas! I never knew a mother's fostering care; I never had her love to guide me—her fond bosom to weep upon.'

Mrs. Freeman, who had taken her cue from the tears in Euthanasia's eyes, was now deliberately preparing her handkerchief. When it was unfurled, she extended her arms, and swimming up to her daughter-in-law, proffered her bosom as a substitute; and considering that, besides double rows of standing lace, and treble flounces of falling blonde, there was swung a watch chain and seals, three rows of transparent topaz, one locket of rough gold, one *amie* of polished amber, besides innumerable breast-pins, &c. it must have been a commodious resting-place. Euthanasia faintly smiled, and bent over her dog. It was clear to the larmayante dame that she could not squeeze out a tear, so she wisely folded up her *mouchoir brode*, and having flattened it with a little can de mouse-line, she proceeded to call another cause.

'Thany, you'll see Sir George Charles Belson to-night.' She started. 'Now pray, my dear, take advice from me; remember he is a K. C. B.; and if he says he loves you, say "thankye sir," and if he asks you to have him, say "if you please, sir," and—'

'Mrs. Freeman, excuse my interruption, but you waste your words. Sir George Belson is, I own, inexpressibly dear to me, if he be what I have fondly pictured him; but if—he be base and vile, I will rend this weakness from my heart, though every fibre burst as I tear it away: to-night—aye, to-night will decide. Madam, I follow you.'

'Lord, be good to us! here's passions, rages, hurricanes, and storms; but let us go—we are late; but the Comtesse le Parvenne says, it is hot town to be late—come away.'

The company were all assembled; the lights were blazing cheerily; and the music,

mixed with many gay voices, sounding merrily, as the carriage of Mrs. Freeman drove to Mrs. Gray's house, in ———, and the gloom which had been gathering over the brow of the hostess, and some others, dispersed at once when their names were sounded through the room.

Mrs. Gray was a lady of a certain age, without the least pretensions to beauty; for her face was so hopelessly ploughed by that scourge of features, the small-pox, that even MacAdam might have despaired of evening it. Her eyes were small and cunning, rendered more so by hundreds of wrinkles puckered beneath them; nor did she ever fully face those to whom she spoke. But her voice redeemed these unpleasanties, for it was true, in every tone, to harmony and blandness. In her dress and manners, Mrs. Gray was perfect—there was not one singularity—nothing particular, on which the attention could rest;—there was no glare of color—no forcing of effect—all was easy, elegant, and lady-like. Her words were always natural in their fascination; it was the *toute ensemble* of her manner that carried you along without being conscious where laid the charm. Mrs. Gray said, and wished it to be believed, that she visited the first circle in Philadelphia. It is ill manners to contradict a lady, yet those who have ever been within that graceful group, might readily declare Mrs. Gray was not one of them. Gay, but polished; cheerful, but correct; easy, but dignified, none who once mixed there can mistake that charming coterie. In the soirees of Mrs. Gray, men formed the greater number; what women there were, were either coldly constrained or daringly free: no, no; Mrs. Gray had not the pass to that happier, easier Almacks.

Mr. Freeman, not mixing at all with the world in which he lived, knew nothing of the vortex through which his wife and child were rushing; sometimes when disturbed by too late a return, he would bestow a blessing on Mrs. Gray as the cause, but soon for peace give up the contention. Such, then, was the lady who rose with a bland smile to welcome her visitors; and taking a hand of each, said,

'Oh! you are sad truants; do you give us so little of your company, to make us prize it still higher? I must cite you in the court of politesse, to answer for a breach of etiquette, if you neglect me thus again.'

Mrs. Freeman bowed, and Mrs. Freeman bobbed. She had never heard of such a court nor such a crime; but she felt sure all was right, and so she bobbed and bowed the more.

'Sir George Belson,' continued Mrs. Gray. 'I appoint you my counsel; there is the defendant; see you do your client justice. Come, my dear madam, here are Mrs. Shuttle and Mr. Cutwell, who would not touch a card till your arrival. I must not tell you what

Col. Talbot said about your skill and beauty, lest I make Mr. Freeman jealous.'

'Oh, Mistress Gray, I lost so much last time to Sir George, I feel ashamed to play again without paying him.'

'Come, that is an excellent joke; do but plead his cause with yonder fair tyrant, and the debt is canceled. Shall it be cassino or brag to-night? *caricatured* you very shabbily.'

'But, marm, I—I am not over-stocked to-night; Mr. Freeman is vastly stingy, and—'

'Exactly, my dear lady; your views and mine perfectly agree. It is well to lay these lordly men under obligations sometimes, that we may display our grace in returning them. Sir George, *mon amie*, *ici si vous plait*, Mrs. Freeman wisely objected to the encumbrance of a purse, and allows you the honor of being her banker.'

'The condescensions of Mrs. Freeman and her lovely daughter make me a bankrupt even in thanks,' replied the polished baronet.

Euthanasia started. 'Madam will you not send for your purse; pray—pray, Sir George—'

'My dear girl, the eyes of the room are upon you,' interrupted Mrs. Gray, looping her arm in Euthanasia's, and leading her away: 'come, fair novice, these trifling arrangements are things of course;—tell me how you like these night blooming Ceres, and these foreign moonlight warblers, that only sing by night; each are typical of woman, my love, whose feelings and heart should open by night only.'

'They are beautiful indeed,' she answered softly.

'Do you draw? are you fond of engravings? here are some of Bartolozzi's and are counted fine; here is Hero and Leander—poor fellow, he looks very noble lying there dead, but a live lover is preferable, is it not? Here is Romeo and Juliet, the passionate Italian; what fire in her eyes—what soul of passion in her looks. What is here? Parasine and Hugo, Juan and Haidee—are they not superb?'

'Yes—no—I—where is my mother-in-law—where is Mrs. Freeman?'

'Oh! the earth has not made a supper of her; here is Sir George—he will tell us,' replied the lady, with perfect sang froid.

'What art in lure or wile has brought this brilliant flush to my Euthanasia's cheek, Mrs. Gray; I shall grow jealous of you, if you can make her blush,' exclaimed the gallant baronet, as he joined them and took an arm of each.

'Really, I believe it is the heat that is your rival, and not me, baronet; can you give us neither lemonade or wine to allay it?'

'Lady, to hear is to obey,' replied he, smiling: 'Euthanasia, my best love, will you not have some?'

'Some lemonade, I will.'

'Yes—and, Sir George, pray see it is *well*

mixed,' said Mrs. Gray, with a slight emphasis on the last words: 'servants do all things so carelessly. Come, my young guest, they are singing yonder; music, you know, is the food of love; let us hear them.'

Euthanasia placed her hand to her brow. 'How unreal all this seems—as if some enchantment were round me—as if you all spoke and acted something arranged before; why do I feel thus?'

Mrs. Gray darted a quick look upon her companion, but rapidly withdrawing it, answered,

'And why not yield unhesitatingly to such enchantment. Life, my love, has but few roseate hours, and it is our bounden duty to improve them; it is ingratitude to our High Priest, Joy, to resist his influence; so come then, goddess fair and free,

*"In Heaven ye slept Euphrosyne;
And if I give the honor due,
Mirth admit me of thy crew."*

You see, even Milton, the poet of religion, argues for pleasure; believe me, none but the cynic and the fool can deem it wrong.'

Euthanasia tried to breathe—tried to rally her reason; she felt oppressed by the luxury, the voluptuousness around her. Stunned by flattery and sophistry, urged by passionate entreaty, softened by her own loving heart, she almost reeled beneath their united power; a mist came over her eyes, and she felt faint. Belson joined them, and received an expressive look from Mrs. Gray.

'Miss Freeman will be better in my boudoir, baronet; the heat is too much for her here—push now or never,' she added, in a low tone, 'I will see to the mother.'

As the accomplished votary of vice expected, she found Mrs. Freeman seated at the gaming table, rapidly losing the vast sum Sir George had given her, to sharpers and blacklegs; with a flushed face and aching heart, the wretched woman began to feel the toils into which she had run; and as card after card came up wrong, and eagle followed eagle, in quick succession, even the bland voice of Mrs. Gray failed to encourage or soothe her. At last she was again without a cent, and Mrs. Gray advised her to make another effort to redeem her loss. It was against her, and she rose up stunned and tortured, in debt five hundred dollars to Col. Talbot.

'It is unfortunate,' said Mrs. Gray, emphatically, 'but debts of honor must be paid.'

'Can—can you assist me ma'm?' stammered out the ashamed and miserable woman.

'I, my dear madam, I never keep a dollar; it is putting temptation to play, out of my way; I am the worst person in the world to ask.'

'I—I will leave my watch, and—and—oh, Lord! what will become of me?'

'Come, don't blubber,' exclaimed Col. Talbot, roughly; 'you are a pretty enough

creature, if you weren't so beplastered with frippery and paint: we'll settle all that.'

'Sir, I desire—I command you not to touch me. Mrs. Gray, will you see this—madam—sir—'

'Indeed,' said Mrs. Gray, rising, 'indeed, my dear lady, I have nothing to say to it: only pray make no scene here; you and the Colonel can, I dare say, accommodate matters: he is a gentleman of honor.'

'I will give you, sir, a draft upon my husband; he will gladly pay it for the lesson I have learned this night.'

'Pon honor, madam, just as you please,' responded the luminous *militaire*, who was more than half tipsy.

'And now let me go home. Where, oh God! where is Euthanasia?' exclaimed the startled Mrs. Freeman.

'Perfectly safe, in the charge of the baronet.'

'The baronet! If any harm comes to her, Mr. Freeman will kill me; let me go to her; I will go to her, I say!—'

'Mrs. Freeman, I wish to make no disturbance with you, but I must make bold to tell you, that you neither can nor shall go to her. You forget that Sir George has purchased your acquiescence with five thousand dollars.'

'Oh God!' screamed the wretched woman, 'I am undone; I have undone myself and my innocent charge.'

She fell into her chair in strong hysterics, and the infernal party began, in some alarm, to apply restoratives; just then a sign was made to Mrs. Gray, and she hurriedly left the room. Sir George was waiting for her outside.

'It is hopeless to prevail upon her without a pretence of marriage; is that fellow ready to play the priest? It must be now or never, for things have drawn to a crisis.'

'Really, Sir George,' said Mrs. Gray, who, like all selfish people, was ever alive to her own interest—'really I don't half like these doings. If you can make a fool of the girl, why it is all in the way of business; but a mock marriage brings one under the law, and may give my house a bad name.'

'Do not think of it, my dear madam,' exclaimed he, 'I will recompense you a thousand fold for any inconvenience; she is now so wound up by agitation, hurry, and emotion, that she may be won to consent. If this golden opportunity passes, it will never return; and with it is lost your promised premium.'

'You argue very sensibly,' replied Mrs. Gray, with a smile; 'go back then, and I will arrange it; where is she?'

'In your boudoir; and bye the bye, Gray, has any one the entree there, besides myself, for I thought I heard a voice there?'

'Bless me, no!' replied Mrs. Gray, in much alarm, 'here, Mauritania, has any one been up to the blue room to-night?'

The servant, with some confusion, owned that she had admitted a lady up to change her shoes; and after several severe reprimands, the worthy couple separated, each to their own praiseworthy occupations.

Like the bird to which it erst belonged, my grey goose quill is very mutable. I do not pique myself, like the renowned Cervantes, with following one unbroken line—patience, gentle reader, the scenes will be shifted but this once more, and then the curtain will fall before me and my humble attempt to please you.

It was in a room where luxury and elegance vied with each other for mastery—where the senses were courted by every blandishment, and vice had done her utmost to veil herself in beauty;—it was here that, stunned by emotion, misled by sophistry, agitated by tenderness, and confused by every warring sentiment, Euthanasia sat alone. She strove to think, she strove to pray, but the spell was over her spirit, and bound her down with a mighty power. Her guardian angel seemed to slumber, and silent, stupified, almost senseless, she yielded impassively to the stream of events which hurried her along. One only friend was with her—her faithful greyhound, who had contrived to elude the Argus eyes of Mrs. Freeman, in the carriage, and had kept close to his mistress ever since, now laid couched at her feet, and frequently, with the privileged boldness of an old favorite, pushed his long nose into her hand, as if to demand his accustomed caress. The parting footsteps of Sir George had scarcely died away, when a low sigh sounded through the room. Euthanasia gazed fearfully round; a female form stood by her, dressed in the well remembered habit of the Tyrol; at the moment the dog sprang up, and with a long, protracted whine gambled towards the stranger, jumping and rolling, as if in the very madness of delight. A strange, indefinable awe gathered over the heart of Euthanasia; something there was so sudden, so spiritual, in the unheard entrance of the stranger,—in the long unseen, yet still loved dress of her native home; the agitation of the dog, too, was most unaccountable, and she tried to speak to him in vain; her tongue clove to her mouth, and she sat motionless, gazing upon her unlooked for visitor. There mute and still it stood, with face as deathly pale as the shrouded corpse, and dark, beseeching eyes fixed on Euthanasia; the raised hand was so transparent and thin, it hardly veiled the light from the pallid brow; and something there was of dim remembrance about the figure, which haunted the mind of the terrified girl, like the vague phantoms of a dream, with which we struggle, but cannot break. At last, in low, sweet tones, the dreaded stranger

spoke; there was a softness in her voice that instantly dispelled the horror of Euthanasia.

'Euthanasia,' she said, 'once again I am come to warn, to save you; the toils are set—the lure is laid; but the eye of God slumbereth not; and the victim shall be rescued in triumph, even at the eleventh hour.'

'What is it that you mean?'

'Have you then so soon forgotten me? or, does the change of dress efface all resemblance to the Sister of Charity? See, my child, it is for you that I have laid aside the holy habit, which I vowed never to change with life; this is the dress in which my false seducer lured me from my innocence and home; I have preserved it to weep over in anguish, by day and night, and now it will strike horror to his remorseless heart.'

'You are deceived, good sister—believe me you are—he denies it most solemnly, most sincerely.'

'Put it then to the proof,—I say to you, *that is the man* who, with treachery and foul falsehood, deceived and ruined me;—*that is the man* who too soon after reproached and scorned me for my guilt;—*that is the man*—she lowered her voice—who, in a fit of ungovernable rage, struck a coward's blow to the heart he had betrayed, and left me there to die. Do you doubt me?—behold the dagger, blazoned with his arms, and stained—lady, that crimson rust is from my blood!'

'Horrible! most horrible!' shuddered Euthanasia.

'With unsleeping love I have followed you here; by heavy bribes to those who are only faithful to the best purchaser, I have ascertained that an infernal deception is in contemplation; this house is itself a sink of iniquity; those around you the basest of the base; I would have you save yourself.'

'What would you have me to do?' asked the trembling girl.

'Give me that muffling cloak and veil, in which the false villain strove to steal you away; well and nobly did you resist his lures; give me now that veil, and take my place behind these curtains; if he do not verify my words, and accuse himself, let my punishment in another world be bitter as it has been in this.'

Euthanasia put both hands to her forehead.

'I know not what is true or what is false; so many things are told me; so many contradictory assertions made, that I am stunned and confused between them. If you be honest, why this masking and disguise? Why not meet him openly?'

'Because,' replied the nun, sadly—'because I would have you assert your own dignity, and be your own salvation; but time wears, Euthanasia, I can make but one more appeal to you:—had you—forgive this weakness—do you remember your mother?'

'My mother! gracious heavens! did you know her?'

'I did—I was—no, I was not her friend; but—but—hark! their steps are on the stairs—choose now, for the crisis is at hand?'

'Here, take the cloak and veil,' exclaimed Euthanasia, throwing them off; 'you knew my beloved—my sainted mother, and will not deceive her child; I trust you with my happiness—oh, beware!'

She retired, in deep emotion, behind the long curtains which hung over a bay window. The nun looked after her with a lingering gaze of sad affection, then hastily wrapping herself in the cloak, she seated herself where Euthanasia had been; and the greyhound who, with the wondrous instinct of the dog, had, after fifteen years, recognized his long lost mistress, laid himself contentedly down at her feet.

The door opened, and Sir George Belson entered, with an eye brightened by anticipated triumph, accompanied by a man dressed in black, and an attendant. He ran forward to the supposed Euthanasia, and dropping on his knee, spoke to her in the softest tones which art or seduction could supply:

'My soul's best treasure, will you not forgive this feverish impatience of the heart that adores you? Behold this holy man, Euthanasia—will you not consent that he may secure to me a treasure, without which life is valueless? Oh! be above the weak scruples of your sex, and trust yourself to one who will shrine you in his heart of hearts! If I make you not now irrevocably mine, I feel that I shall forever lose you. My sister urges on the one hand—your father denies his consent on the other; Euthanasia, I will not survive your loss, and my blood will be on your head if you deny my prayer.'

His deep voice sounded like distant music, and all was so still when he ceased that ancient chaos seemed to reign throughout the apartment. Alas! there were two beating hearts there, whose wild pulsations almost stopped the breath of life.

'You do not speak—oh! let me read this gentle silence as a soft consent; give me your hand—it trembles, love—Euthanasia, can you fear to trust me? then hear me, eternal heavens, and so judge me God, who reignest there, if I have in aught deceived, or falsely spoken—if ever to mortal being I breathed before these words of passion, may the grave give up its mouldering dust, and the long buried dead appear to blast me!'

His hand was on the veil as he spoke; that and the cloak dropped at the moment, and the wretched victim of his guilt stood before him, as if his awful adjuration had been heard at the dread tribunal of God, and the earth given up its prey to confront him in his blasphemy. There she stood, in the very

dress in which she had last past her husband's threshold, holding the damning proof of his atrocity, in the bloodstained dagger, with ashy brow, and fixed, glazing eye, as though she even now pleaded against him in the last, dreadful Judgment day of Earth. Backward rushed the horror-stricken man; the hair stood erect upon his head; his failing limbs shook beneath him; and the cold sweat dropped from his livid brow; groans burst from his heaving chest, as if his agony and awe precluded words. At last, with a howl like that of the eternally tormented, he cried,

'What want ye here! ye are rotten and dead, and the earth has covered ye! What want ye here? did I not feel your last quivering convulsions!—did I not hear your latest gasp! Why do ye come to me?—I never loved ye—it was your happy husband that I hated. What do ye here?—I scorned thee—spurned thee—and trampled on thee!'

'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,' solemnly said the nun, 'and I will repay it.'

'Vengeance!' howled the infuriated wretch, 'it is false as hell; there is no vengeance—no Lord—look at me—am not I blessed with every earthly good, and have I canted and prayed? Where is Eustace Selwyn—he who, because he was my superior and my benefactor, I hated—where is he, the generous and good—why forsaken—poor, miserable—perhaps dead—ha! ha! ha!'

'No, unhappy man,' said the man who had been named as Mr. Freeman, entering and coming slowly forward—'No! Eustace Selwyn lives, to pity thee—to tell thee that, wronged and wretched as he has been, he has never been unsupported by his God, nor deprived of an unstained conscience;—he lives to tell thee, miserable and baffled villain, that the hand of that all-seeing God has arrested thee in thy triumphant wickedness, and shielded the innocent with its buckler of power.'

A noise, as of a heavy fall, interrupted the words of Freeman; he and the half fainting nun rushed towards the curtains, and the father lifted and brought out the insensible form of Euthanasia. Like a crushed flower she hung over his arm, her long dark hair streaming around her, as in sorrow; and while the anguished mother bent over her in speechless woe, a strong resemblance could easily be seen between their pallid faces. Sir George Belson, who had overcome the belief that he beheld the dead, struggled to assume again his daring audacity, and in satanic tones addressed the group—

'This is really a very dramatic performance; relationships are fast springing up between us. I am disappointed in establishing a very tender claim to that young lady's regard, so perhaps I may be more successful in claiming a title to her respect as a father.'

'Man! man!' shrieked the woman wildly.

'Silence!' said Mr. Freeman, sternly; 'heed not the maddened ravings of a disappointed villain; my child—my child, look up to bless your father with a word.'

'Really, Lord Eustace—or Mr. Freeman, since I understand that is your *nom de guerre*—I beg to congratulate you on your acquisitions;—a lady wife—no ghost, but very substantial flesh, as fair, as *frail*—but that's nothing; then there is your beauteous daughter—she will look rather coldly before company, no doubt, but once—'

'Once,' said Euthanasia, raising herself with infinite dignity—'once, sir, she loved you with all the deep tenderness of a woman's heart, who pictured you as perfect as she wished you to be; but that time is past—the mask has fallen—the serpent has unrolled his hideous folds—and as I may be forgiven by my father, and my God, do I now infinitely spurn and from my soul despise thee.'

Mr. Freeman looked with parental delight upon his lovely child, now more lovely in the dignity of mind, while the eyes of the erring mother were fixed upon her, as if their straining love would survive even despair and death.

'Can this be possible?' asked Belson, in his most seducing tones; 'do I hear this from the gentle Euthanasia? not thus, a few hours since, did she repulse my love.'

'It is most true,' replied the noble girl, firmly, 'that love was then my glory, for I thought you worthy of it; now it is my shame and sorrow, that ever the whitening of the sepulcher could have hidden its foulness from me. Man, hear me repeat, that I willingly and forever renounce you—that I cast you from me as a thing even too vile to trample on!'

There was the conviction of truth in her words and manner; muttering a deep curse, Belson rushed from the room.

'Lord, now lettest thy servant depart in peace,' sighed the erring woman, as she fell staggering to the floor. The strength of purpose, which had hitherto upheld her, now failed, and long worn and exhausted nature sunk beneath the tension; her mission was fulfilled; her penitence accepted; and the angel of mercy was rapidly loosing the earthly cords which held her struggling spirit from its rest.

Mr. Freeman and Euthanasia ran to support her; she looked up with a dying smile—

'To die thus, is to be most blessed—can'st thou forgive me, Eustace?'

'Forgive thee, Eloisa—aye, as thine eternal Judge has forgiven thee. My child, kneel for your mother's blessing.'

'My mother! Oh God! must I find her but to lose her—live—live, oh, injured saint! live, as now, to guard and save your child.'

'My God! my God! I thank thee; my

husband—my child—now again I dare to call them so—one last embrace—may the eternal Lord of Heaven pardon my sins, and bless—bless—bless my’—

It was over; the dying sinner had entered into peace. Over the agony of the bereaved child we throw a veil; it was long ere she would be torn away from the pale corpse.

Mr. Freeman having sought and found his terrified, sobbing, miserable wife, brought her to the scene. It was an awful contrast between the besmeared face, torn finery, and agitated sobs of the silly votary to folly, and the silent ashy corpse of her who had paid its fearful penalty. He took a hand of each, and spoke to them solemnly—

‘Let not this dreadful lesson be lost; behold the end of vanity and pride; there kneel beside that lifeless clay, and ask those cold remains of all that was once lovely, happy, and innocent—ask them to reprove your maddening folly. Go each to the solitude of your chamber, and commune with your own heart in stillness; learn that the wages of sin is death, and pray that God may keep you out of temptation.’

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

The Genius of Claverack Falls.

‘I Love the roaring waterfall,

Within some deep, romantic glen!’—DR. RAFFLES.

THE stars stood forth still and bright in the heavens, as a friend and myself started, early one spring morning, to view this romantic spot. When we arrived at the Falls, these celestial fires had, as it were, burned away by their own golden brightness, and save that bright luminary which always lingers latest, faded away with all their light and glory; while over the dusky sky that lined the East, a ray of morn was just breaking in, precursory of the coming sun that was to awaken the world.

Claverack Creek is a narrow stream of water which plunges over the hills, and winds through the lawns of our county, marking out in its course the most fertile lands. At one place, after pursuing its stormy way over rocks in the wildest manner, it launches itself headlong down a precipice of above one hundred feet into a long valley below. As the beholder stands in the soft mist which falls around him, with his eyes turned upward, watching the foam and sparkles of their impetuosity, the musical roar that sounds through the forest lulls him into a state of mental abstraction, and he stands delighted, he knows not why. The ceaseless run of the waters have fretted the rocks away in a thousand fantastical shapes, and a deep chasm already appears on the brow of the hill where they plunge over. It is enough to startle the spectator, as he looks upon the holes and

crevices where centuries ago the waters were playing;—but which now look down upon the stream as it frets and boils away below. The hills which line the valley are covered with pines, and the other adjacent scenery stands forth original and unmarred. Finally, Claverack Falls booms away in solitude, without one sound of civilization to break in upon the grandeur of its own roar.

As we were sitting upon a large flat stone, viewing the dash of waters from on high, we were interrupted by the bursting and cracking away of roots, and turning, saw a lofty regal-looking pine which stood on the hill, tottering, and trembling, until finally snapping away, it turned its green summit into the vale below; when suddenly up rose from the moist earth, where it was, the GENIUS OF THE WOOD, and stood before us. He wore a beautiful garland of wild flowers upon his head, and a chaplet of pine and maple leaves were girded about his loins. His feet were clad with the skin of the deer, and in his right hand he held an oaken staff without a knot to mar the smoothness of its surface. He looked beautiful afar up on the height, with the cool breath of morn stirring through his garland of flowers, and his staff stretched out to its utmost length. While we were gazing upon him, he gave a spring and caught upon the slender, lofty rock, that rears its gray form near the Falls, and which runs up to a peak, scarcely broad enough for the foot of a human being. He sprang on the top of this, balancing upon one foot, and spread forth his brown limbs, at the same time keeping his fiery eye intently fixed upon us. Returning to the shore, he struck the earth with his staff, when lo! serpents of all species came forth at his bid. They coiled themselves round his limbs in countless numbers, their forked tongues playing like small flames around their mouths. It made the cold chills dart through us, as these chilly monsters, fresh from the earth, wound slowly round his body with their revengeful hissings. He gave the earth another blow with his staff, and quick as thought they all glided away to their den.

The Genius of the Woods again beat the earth with his oaken staff, and we sat on the roof of a beautiful building which was situated in a large city. ‘Look,’ said he, pointing his staff around him, ‘what dost thou behold now?’ ‘Houses, steeples, vast congregations of people, and all kinds of splendor,’ answered we. ‘Where are those Falls that a moment ago wrapt you in meditation—look,’ said the Genius, ‘where are they?’ We looked through the dusty streets; but saw them not—we strained our eyes to catch some one of the pines which stood so thick around them; but they were invisible. Beautiful lawns, with clumps of tall, flowing trees—smooth hills, on whose brow splendid edifices were glit-

tering in the morning sunshine—was all that fell upon the eye beyond the city. Business was tugging away in the streets below—odd looking carriages rattling along—and the costume of the inhabitants was so unique, that spite of the presence of the Genius, we burst out into a good hearty roar of laughter. ‘Now if this don’t cap all,’ said I—‘and if it isn’t a dream I’ll go ashore, any way,’ when a look of reproof from the guide chased the smile from my countenance, and all was silent again.

‘Look,’ said the Genius, ‘and tell me what you see,’ and striking his staff upon the roof of the edifice, we were surrounded by a vast world of water. As far as the eye could reach, not an object was abroad to greet it, but all was one still, silvery sheet, with the splendor of the rising sun flashing along its surface. The only thing visible around us, was the clear blue sky where it stooped down and touched the waters. It seemed the death of nature—and we almost wondered why the sun, too, did not pause along the skies, and the blue curtain roll itself up—when we were broken in our meditations by the voice of the Genius.

‘Hark,’ said he, ‘thou hast seen the situation of this spot previous to the flood—what a metropolis stood here—the vast number of inhabitants which peopled it; and thou hast also seen the suburbs of this city—its smooth green fields, and gentle hills that sloped away without a rugged feature in their scenery. Now behold the flood as it rises—already is the city swallowed up, but, by the magic of my staff, this building floats with the waters, that ye may behold the drowning world. ‘Look,’ repeated he, ‘ere I change the scene.’

While we were gazing the roof began to sink into the waters. Down we hurried without strangulation, and nought but a heavy roar resounding through our ears. Soon we struck with a jar, and starting up with a thought for our preservation, we found ourselves sitting upon the rock at the base of Claverack Falls, and the Genius with his oaken staff beside us. I cast my eye up to the wild flowers upon his head, expecting to see the water dripping from them, but they were as dry and bright as ever; I then placed my hand upon my clothes, but there was nothing but a little spray which had flew from the dash of the Falls.

‘Look again,’ said the Genius, ‘the waters have subsided, and the foundation of the noble edifice, upon whose roof we stood, is usurped by this rock, and where the waters leap in fury over those rocks, ran that broad street, where myriads of human beings were jostling about, in their warfare.’ ‘Fudge,’ said my companion. ‘Hark,’ returned the Genius—‘but the deluge came and swept them away in one general ruin. ‘This spot

was not always as it is now, said he, and darting away, he was lost among the solemn old pines that stood around. We cast our eyes up to the tree which our imagination threw headlong in the valley where our guide first arose, but it stood firmly rooted to the earth shaking its evergreen summit away up on the brow of the hill.

Let time impress what lines it may upon our hearts, they will always throb as memory conjures up the Genius of Claverack Falls. The roar of waters, wherever it may greet our ears, will call him up; and he will always be in our fancy, among the wild and rugged scenery that we are passing. Aye—we shall recollect him—and we will love him—associate him with all that is bright and beautiful—until we too shall have laid down our mortal garments, and passed away, even with that city which stood before the flood.

R.

For the Rural Repository.

Effects of Intense Grief.

SORROW is multiform in kind and effects. The remembrance of slight afflictions soon fades from the memory: but there is a species of grief, which prosperity cannot heal nor sympathy assuage. Time only gives vehemence to its action. The longer its effects are felt, the more intense is the suffering—the more distant the producing cause, the greater the mental torture—until its pressure becoming unsupportable to human endurance, its unfortunate victim sinks beneath the accumulated weight, to his only resting place the grave.

Grief of this kind cannot arise from minor causes. Some terrible calamity must befall—some prize on which the whole affections have centered, must be torn from the grasp—the acme of the soul's desire must be found unattainable, ere all-corroding sorrow will commence its destructive course. Reason may circumscribe the channel, but cannot stay its progress. Stoicism may present an icy barrier, but it will be dissolved by the gushing stream, like the recumbent snow on the pebbly beach, by ocean's returning tide. Its course may not be headlong, it may not dash along with the impetuosity of the mountain torrent; but by a continual action, it will waste the mental energies and wear away the corporeal resistances, until the mind becomes a perforated wreck—the body a 'living skeleton!' or the spirit returns to God, who gave it, and the worn tenement reposes beneath the clods of the valley. Wherever its progress is traced, no calamity that can befall—no bereavement, however worthy of regret, can add to its desolating effects. The eye of the disabled elephant winces not under the deadly aim of the merciless huntsman. The swift lightnings of Heaven may rive the gnarled

oak, but the rude blasts of adversity cannot scathe the desolate heart! The eye of the bravest warrior may quail beneath the terrific glance of the fierce savage, but that individual, from whom is reft an object dearer than life, shuns not the uplifted tomahawk. There is a grief which is not satiated with tears nor suffering—like the daughters of the horse-leech, it crieth continually, 'Give, give,' and is never appeased but with the life-blood of its victim. In the solitude of the hermitage—in the bustle of the multitude—amid the quiet beauty of the forest—in the din of the populous city—at the shrine of a saint—amid the orgies of the revellers—without regard to vicissitude or circumstance—unrestrained by the caprice or will of man—silently and destroyingly, it plies its malevolent energy—still onward is its desolating career.

Condolence may soften, sympathy alleviate, commiseration render more tolerable the afflictions of mankind; but there are those, who care not for aught of earth—'who sorrow without hope.' To such condolence is *valueless*—sympathy, fuel—commiseration, mockery.

M. L. F.

MISCELLANY.

The Canary Bird.

A SMALL girl named Caroline, had a most lovely canary bird. The little creature sung from morning till night, and was very beautiful. Its color was yellow, with a black head. And Caroline gave him seed and cabbage to eat, and occasionally a small piece of sugar, and every day fresh clean water to drink.

But suddenly the bird began to be mournful, and one morning, when Caroline brought him his water, he lay dead in the cage.

And she raised a loud lamentation over the favorite animal, and wept bitterly. But the mother of the girl went and purchased another, which was more beautiful than the first in color, and just as lovely in its song, and put it in the cage.

But the child wept louder than ever when she saw the new bird.

And the mother was greatly astonished, and said, My dear child, why are you still weeping and sorrowful? Your tears will not call the dead bird into life, and here you have one which is not inferior to the other!

Then the child said, O, dear mother, I treated my bird unkindly, and did not do all for it that I could and should have done.

Dear Lina you have always taken care of it diligently!

O no, replied the child, a short time before its death I did not bring to him the piece of sugar which you gave me for that purpose, but ate it myself. Thus spake the girl with a sorrowful heart.

But the mother did not smile at this com-

plaint, for she understood and revered the holy voice of nature in the heart of the child.

Ah! said she, how can an ungrateful child have a peaceful mind while standing at the grave of its parents!

Small Things.

We have often found occasion, says the 'Traveler,' to notice the importance of an attention to small things. A glass of wine spilled on Mrs. Masham's dress, cost Europe a war. Many a slight injury, an inconsiderate word, has cost many a man his life, and been the ruin of the peace of many a family. The little contradictions which often happen between friends, may be slight in themselves when taken singly, but continued, they have irrevocably severed the ties of the purest and strongest friendship. As Hannah Moore says, Small things, contempt, slight words, unmix'd with hate, Make up in number, what they want in weight.

It is so in morals, it is so in manners, it is so in all the intricacies of social intercourse and the concerns of human life. A man who has never involved himself in the enormity of crime, may ruin his reputation by carelessness and indifference to the smaller items of virtue and vice, which make a vast difference in the aggregate account. Few men have the opportunity of displaying the whole character of a gentleman in a single act, it is an attention to the smaller decencies, and civilities, and kindnesses of common and daily intercourse, which generally constitute the formation of the character. So it is in the acquisition of wealth, few of us make or lose thousands of dollars every day, but all of us acquire or spend a few cents or shillings, which in the revolution of a few seasons, conducts us to comparative affluence or poverty. And thus, to bring our short sermon to a close, the want of attention to small things may involve us in difficulties from which the endeavors of years may not extricate us.

For want of a nail the shoe was lost,
For want of a shoe the horse was lost,
For want of a horse the rider was lost,
And all for the want of a horse-shoe nail.

Striking and True story.

Two young German nobleman having finished their College Session, resolved on making together an excursion of pleasure in the Hartz mountains. Having been occupied one day in a wild part of that wild district in gathering specimens of minerals, they were overtaken by a storm and benighted. Having lost their way they wandered about for some hours, when, wet and cold, they came to the ruins of an old castle, where they entered to try and find shelter for the night. In a low-vaulted room they were surprised and alarmed to find the embers of a fire still burning. Fearing robbers, they agreed that one should watch while the other slept; and, loading a

pistol, which they happened to have with them, they heaped wood upon the fire, and one of them, wrapping himself in his cloak, lay down to take his turn of sleep. His companion, placing the pistol beside him, was passing the time in tracing resemblances of faces in the embers of the fire; when all at once, a secret door seemed to open in the wall opposite to him, disclosing several armed men sitting round a table. One of these advancing, ordered him to follow him, saying that resistance was in vain. The young man, starting up, seized and fired the pistol; the man fell, when horrid to relate, he found that he had awoke from a dream, and shot his friend through the heart.—*Greenock Intelligencer.*

HOW TO GET RID OF A COLLECTOR.—A woman in Westminster, being at a loss what excuse to make about the twentieth application for rates by one of the collectors of the Chelsea water works, at length informed him, that her 'poor husband had recently died of the cholera, and that she had also been seized with that dreadful disorder; but,' added she, 'if you'll walk in, I'll see if I can make up the money.' The collector, however, was almost petrified with terror, and shutting up his book *instantly*, bolted out of the house much faster than he entered.

A MAN OF BUSINESS.—A friend of ours, says the Sportman's Magazine, was in treaty with G. the horse-dealer, (who died the other day,) for the purchase of a mare, but could not agree by ten pounds. Next morning, however, making up his mind to split the difference, he posted off to the yard, when the first person he met was the groom. 'Master up, Joe?' said he. 'No, master be dead,' said Joe, 'but he left word you're to have the mare.'

DURING a cause in which the boundaries of a piece of land were to be ascertained, the counsel of the one part stated, 'we lye on *this side*,' my Lord; and the counsel of the other part said, 'we lye on *this side*.' The Chancellor stood up and said, if *you lie on both sides*, whom will you have me to believe?

A PERSON who knew a scrap of French, and was excessively vain of his accomplishment, accosted a gentleman in the street, with *Quelle heure est il?* i. e. What is it o'clock? The gentleman replied in Latin *Nescio*, i. e. I know not. God bless me, said the other, I did not know it was so late, and ran off as if on some very important business.

FREE TRADE TO THE LAWYERS.—A man from the country applied lately to a respectable lawyer for legal advice. After detailing the circumstance of the case he was asked if he

had stated the facts exactly as they occurred.—'Yes sir,' replied the applicant. 'I have told you the plain truth; you can put the *lies* to it yourself.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

In one of the latter days of Fox, the conversation turned on the comparative wisdom of the French and English character. 'The Frenchman,' it was observed, 'delights himself with the present; the Englishman makes himself anxious about the future. Is not the Frenchman the wiser?' 'He may be the merrier,' said Fox; 'but did you ever hear of a savage who did not buy a mirror in preference to a telescope?'

A JUDGE was trying a prisoner accused of felony, and while delivering his charge, and minutely recapitulating and commenting on the evidence, the Jury and the Counsel fell fast asleep! The Sheriffs who had charge of the prisoner, being soon after seen to nod—a spectator, who happened to be awake, and apprehending that the prisoner might escape, suddenly exclaimed 'wake the Sheriffs.' 'Never mind,' said the Judge—who was a wag in his way—the Sheriffs may have their nap out—for the prisoner is fast asleep also.'

'SOFT WORDS TURN AWAY ANGER.'—The horse of a pious man, living in Massachusetts, happening to stray into the road, a neighbor of the man who owned the horse put him in pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done,—and if I catch him in the road again,' said he, 'I'll do it again.' 'Neighbor,' replied the other, 'not long since, I looked out of my window in the night, and I saw your cattle in my mowing-ground, and I drove them out, and shut them in your yard; and I'll do it again.' Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound and paid the charges himself.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1834.

HUDSON LUNATIC ASYLUM.—We think it is high time we noticed this excellent institution, under the supervision of Doct. Samuel White of this city. We think its locality is superior to almost any one of the kind in the country. The city of Hudson always has been proverbial for health, but no place in its compact part or vicinity, is superior in its situation to this beautiful institution. Its site is just North of our principal street, free from the noise and bustle which is generally hurrying through it. On its West the broad Hudson rolls its deep waters, which by the inmates of the Asylum, may be seen miles above and below; and farther away yet, the vast Catskills, wrapped in a blue haze, throw their towering peaks into the clouds. The other surrounding scenery is beautiful, and cannot fail to attract the eye. We do not know as it is a general impression, that nature possesses any peculiar attractions to the lunatic's confused state.—It may be the opinion of some, that when reason comes down from her throne, it leaves the man in such a state, that the beauties of nature touch not his heart—but not so with us. We suppose that the silent eloquence that comes from the forest, the majesty that lingers around the mountains, the melody

that sounds forth from the moving streams, breaks in upon the abstracted minds of the insane, and by collecting the ideas, is an efficient agent in again reluming the torch of reason. The application which we mean to make of all this, is, that the institution we have alluded to combines these natural advantages in an eminent degree. The interior is finished in a neat and appropriate manner. Cooling baths are fitted up in the basement story, and adjoining are the apartments for culinary purposes. The sitting room above is elegant and unsurpassed. But, as we do not mean, at this time, to enter into any thing like a detail, we must dismisse the subject, under the full conviction that it stands almost unequalled by any similar institution in the Union.

'The stormy March has come at last
With winds and clouds and changing skies!'

MARCH.—With joy we hail the first month of Spring, as it comes heralding bland zephyrs and mellow skies. True, old Winter yet lingers among us, and, as loth to depart, turns upon us a furious gust of his breath while retreating. But hark!—the rivulet is released from the hill, and it leaps down over the precipices with a gigantic power, shouting and exulting in its pathway. The transparent icicles which were lined along the edge of the overhanging rocks in the mountain glen, become dissolved, and dash away on the crags below—the tall trees, whose summits have been clad with sleet, are relieved, and grow moist beneath the warmer beams of the sun. Life just begins to be visible in the vegetable world, for the opening of Spring has breathed upon it, and, like the torpid serpent, it is warmed into existence.

There seems as much bustle and confusion, when earth resumes her vegetable labor, as is exhibited in the most important transactions of kingdoms. The first Spring bird strains his throat with the wildest melody—the squirrel hurries up the shagged tree with a lightning-like velocity, and the vast flocks of ravens that darken the air, croak and babble in the most conical confusion.—The grass turns green, and the blue flower is seen to peep forth in some warm chasm in the mountain.

It is thus we think of March.—Although its breath is often chilly, yet we love it, for we know that the gentler months are not far away. It comes not either with the beauty of May or the blusterings of January—but it is the connecting link between Winter and Spring, and draws its loveliness from the prominent features of both.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

A. W. Aldridge, East Otto, N. Y. \$1.00; H. Ray, Pittsford, N. Y. \$1.00; C. Wilder, Lowell, Ms. \$0.81; W. O. Fay, Northampton, N. Y. \$0.90; J. Marshall, P. M. Mannheim Center, N. Y. \$1.00; A. Hitchcock, Housatonicville, Ms. \$5.00; J. B. Hennion, Brockport, N. Y. \$1.00.

SUMMARY.

A man has recently been hanged in England, for setting fire to various hay stacks, &c. He confessed that his inducement for so doing was to obtain the compensation of 6s. 6d. for giving notice of the fire to the nearest engine. For that miserable gain, he had been the means of destroying upwards of £20,000 sterling of property.

During the past year, the products of the whale fishery at New Bedford, was 47,120 barrels sperm, and 80,115 do. whale oil, and 681,000 lbs. whalebone.

The Boston Journal says, that believers in the science of phrenology are rapidly increasing in that city and vicinity.

A very simple remedy for scarlet fever, is in general use in the city of New-York. It is merely a mixture of Cayenne pepper, salt and vinegar, used as a gargle.

MARRIED.

In Colchester, by the Rev. Mr. Strong, Mr. Israel B. Bigelow, merchant of Hillsdale, to Miss Sally Peters, daughter of the late Governor Peters of Ct.

In Stratford, Ct. on the 11th inst. by the Rev. I. W. Chapman, Horace Leet of New York, to Miss Jerusha Glavinia, only daughter of Mr. Eli Booth, of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 24th ult. Mr. Benjamin Green, aged 63 years.

At Stockport, on the 28th ult. Robert Henry, aged about 8 months, son of P. Byron Barker, Esq.

At Nantucket, on the 18th ult. Mrs. Ann Macy, aged 74 years.

Suddenly, in Peru, Clinton co. on the 22d ult. the Hon. Jonas Platt, late a Judge of the Supreme Court of this State.

At Germantown, on the 29th ult. Palmer Hamilton, son of Dr. John H. Cole, aged 2 years and 6 months.

At Copake, on the 7th ult. Mrs. Temperance Bigelow, wife of Deacon John Bigelow, formerly of Colchester Ct. aged 69 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

The Polish Wife to her Husband.

And wilt thou never, never wear
 The joyous smiles of earlier years?
 Thy morning sun of life was fair,
 Why should it now go down in tears?
 Is all the world to thee a blank,
 Without one bright, redeeming ray,
 Since from the lov'd Vistula's bank,
 We sadly took our wandering way?
 Shines there no sun amid the gloom
 That overcasts thy noontide sky—
 Has every flower lost the bloom
 Which once could light with joy thine eye?
 Think not I ask thee to forget
 Thy injured country's hapless lot,
 For memory in thy heart hath set
 Too deep its wrongs, to be forgot.
 But yet, I would that thou couldst wear
 Sometimes, the smile of other days;
 Ere sorrow's blight, or cankering care,
 Had chased their joyousness away.
 I fear thy heart hath colder grown,
 Beneath misfortune's withering blight;
 I fear the love thou once couldst own,
 Hath faded, like thine eye's soft light.
 Oh! now reproach me not with smiles,
 So like the faint and sickly glow
 That lights the hectic cheek awhile,
 Then sinks beneath death's chilling blow.
 If I have wrong'd thy sorrowing heart,
 In doubting thus thy plighted faith,
 Forgive—I know thou wouldst impart
 Sweet peace to mine, though thine were death.
 Then, oh! forgive, I would not wound
 The hopes that long have strove in vain,
 To burst the chains that despots bound
 Around the hearts they could not tame.
 Let hope illumine thy brow once more,
 Their lawless deeds may back recoil,
 Siberia's exiles may restore
 The freedom of their ancient soil. C. D.

From the London Court Magazine.

Elegiac Stanzas.

Thou hast gone to rest in the spring time hours,
 In the freshness of early feeling;
 While the dew yet lies on the new born flowers,
 And winds through the wood paths are stealing;
 While yet life was gay to thine ardent eye,
 While its rich hopes filled thy bosom;
 While each dream was pure as the upper sky,
 And sweet as the opening blossom;
 But thy promise of being which shone so fair
 Hath passed like a summer cloud in air;
 Thy bosom is cold, which with love was warm
 And the grave embraces thy gentle form.

Thou art slumbering now in a voiceless cell,
 While Nature her garland is wreathing;
 While the earth seems touched with a radiant spell
 And the air of delight is breathing;
 While the day looks down with a mellow beam,
 Where the roses in light are blushing;
 While the young leaves dance with a fidul gleam,
 And the stream into song is gushing;
 While bright wings play in the golden sun,
 The tomb hath caressed thee, then faded one!
 The clod lies cold on that settled brow,
 Which was beaming with pleasure and youth but now.
 Should we mourn that Death's angel, on dusky wing,
 O'er thy flowery path has driven?
 That he crushed the buds of thy sunny spring—
 That thy spirit is borne to Heaven?
 How soon will the visions of earth grow dim—
 How soon will its hopes be faded;
 And the heart that hath leaped to the syren's hymn,
 With sadness and gloom be o'er-shaded!
 The feelings are fresh but a little while,
 We can bask but an hour in affection's smile;
 Ere the friend and the lover have passed away—
 Ere the anthem is sung o'er their wasting clay.
 Then take thy rest in that shadowy hall,
 In thy mournful shroud reposing;
 There is no cloud on the soul to fall—
 No dust o'er its light is closing;
 It will shine in glory when time is o'er,
 When each phantom of earth shall wither;
 When the friends who deplore thee, shall sigh no more,
 And lie down in the dust together.
 Though sad winds wail in the cypress bough,
 Thou art resting untroubled and calmly now;
 With a seal of sleep on thy folded eye,
 While thy spirit is glad in the courts on high. W. G. C.

First Love.

Love!—I will tell thee what it is to love!
 It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
 Where hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove;
 Where time seems young, and life a thing divine.
 All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
 To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss,
 Above—the stars in shroudless beauty shine;
 Around—the streams their flowery margin kiss;
 And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this!
 Yes this is love,—the steadfast and the true—
 The immortal glory which hath never set—
 The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew—
 Of all life's sweets the very sweetest yet!
 Oh! who but can recall the eve they met
 To breathe, in some green walk, their first young vow,
 While summer flowers with moonlight dews were wet,
 And winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow,—
 And all was rapture then—which is but memory now!
 Honor may wreath the victor's brow with bays,
 And glory pour her treasures at his feet—
 The statesman win his country's honest praise—
 Fortune and commerce in our cities meet;
 But when—ah! when were earth's possessions sweet—
 Unblest with one fond friend those gifts to share!
 The lowliest peasant, in his calm retreat,
 Finds more of happiness, and less of care,
 Than hearts unwarmed by Love's mid palace halls must bear!

The Blind Boy.

The day was bright and beautiful—
 The boys to play had gone—
 Save one, who sat beside the door,
 Dejected and alone;
 And as the tone of merry sport
 Came faintly to his ear,
 He sighed, and from his swelling lids
 He brushed the falling tear.
 His little heart was rent with pain—
 He could not join their play;
 He could not run about the fields,
 And by the brook side stray;

The rolling hoop—the bounding ball—
 The kite borne by the wind—
 The acorn hunt were naught to him;
 For he, alas, was blind.
 He could not see the setting sun,
 And watch the glowing skies,
 The beauty of the moon and stars
 Fell not upon his eyes.
 The rainbow when it spanned the clouds
 Was lost unto his sight—
 And waving woods, and sparkling streams—
 For all to him was night!
 These truths came fresh into his mind,
 While sitting thus apart:
 No wonder that the tear drop fell,
 And heavy was his heart.
 Ah, little did the youthful throng,
 Whose hearts were full of joy,
 Reflect upon the lonely state,
 Of that poor sightless boy!

'And they heard a great voice from Heaven, saying
 unto them, Come up hither.'—Rev. vi. 12.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'Ye have a land of mist and shade,
 Where spectres roam at will;
 Dense clouds your mountain heights invade,
 And damps your valleys chill;—
 But ne'er may midnight care, or wo,
 Eclipse our changeless ray;
 "Come hither," if ye seek to know
 The bliss of perfect day.
 'Doubt, like the Bohon-Upas, spreads
 A blight where'er ye tread;
 And Hope, a pensive mourner, sheds
 The tear o'er harvests dead;
 With us, no traitorous foe assails,
 When Love her home would make;
 An angel's welcome never fails;
 "Come," and that warmth partake.
 'Time revels 'mid your dearest joys,
 Death smites your brightest rose,
 And Sin your bower of peace destroys;
 Where will you find repose?
 Ye're wearied in your pilgrim race,
 Sharp thorns your path infest;
 "Come hither," rise to our embrace,
 And Christ shall give you rest.
 'Twas thus, at twilight's hallowed hour,
 The angels' lay came down,
 Like dews upon the sick'ning flower;
 When droughts of summer frown:
 How sweet, upon the ambient air,
 Swelled out their music free!
 O, when the pangs of death I bear,
 Sing ye that song to me.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY

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